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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO SINCERITY:

BY THE LATE J. BROWN, OF BELFAST.

WHERE art thou gone, thou goddess rare,

The splendid precincts of the court,
And stately dome, are not thy care,
Nor is the palace thy resort.

Perchance thy noble artless mien
On this ignoble ball's unknown,
Or if thou still dost grace the scene,
Thou liv'st sequestered and alone.

'Tis thus where earth's deep caverns lie
Within the crystal studded grot,
Some gem unseen by mortal eye,
Pellucid cheers the lonely spot.

I'll still pursue thee goddess rare,
Whilst thro' this devious world I rove,
For where thou dwell'st, and only there,
Dwell friendship, honesty, and love.

When flattery darts her dazzling beam,
To lead the youthful step astray,
Oh ! may I dread the fatal gleam,
The false, infatuating ray.

Oh ! may I see within my cot,
The sweetest boon that Heaven can give,
A friend to point my errors out,
Whose heart those errors can forgive.

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON.

WELCOME, little stranger ! welcome,
To your parents fond embrace !
Welcome, gift of bounteous Heaven,
Added to the human race !

If to length of days, thy Maker
Should thy thread of life extend,
Pain perhaps, as well as pleasure,
May upon thy course attend.

But if virtue be thy portion,
Thou thy little bark may'st sail
Through this world's stormy ocean,
Fearing neither tide nor gale.

Hear ! O, hear ! Divine Creator !
Bless'd Redeemer, lend an ear !
Holy Spirit ! best Director !
Hear a parent's fervent prayer :

May this gift with which I'm honour'd,
Honour thee the Donor still !
May his talents, thoughts and actions,
Be devoted to thy will.

Whether castle, camp, or cottage,
Wealth or want, should be his fate,
Be his character and conduct
Still an honour to his state.

May he to his king be loyal,
To his country's weal a friend,
Brave in danger, bold but gentle,
Ever faithful to his friend.

If a scene of want's affliction
He in affluence should spy,
May the lovely tear of pity
Brighten in his manly eye.

May he ever scorn oppression,
Modest merit still befriend ;
Be the advocate of justice,
Injured innocence defend.

Grant, my God, one more petition,
That in duty as I'm bound,
In the care of this thy blessing,
Worthy of the charge I'm found.

Newry.

THE CELEBRATED SONNET OF BARREAU,
ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.*

O, THOU ! whose laws on equity are
fram'd,
Whose sovereign will delights in boun-
teous deeds :
But ah ! so oft thy anger I've inflamed,
If thou wouldst pardon—lo ! thy justice
bleeds.

Yes, God of Hosts ! my flagrant crimes
but give
Thee pow'r to chuse which of thy bolts
to throw ;
Thy honour cannot suffer that I live,
And e'en thy mercy bids Thee strike the
blow.

* For other translations of this sonnet
see the Belfast Magazine, vol. IV., for
1810, page 100, 124, and 202.

Then at this rebel head the wing'd bolt aim,
Since radiant glory round thy vengeance
plays;
And let these tears, that from my eye-balls
stream,
Add rage and keenness to the lightning's
blaze.

Arise ! 'tis time ! strike, blast, consume
me all ;
Dying I bless the hand that speeds the
stroke :
But hold !—On what place can thy thun-
ders fall,
That does not with the blood of Jesus
smoke ?

LUSITANUS.

Dundalk, December 14th, 1812.

FALSE HOPE.

OH, tell me no more of the days that
are flown !
Nor of infancy's hours when youth's rose
was unblown :
Why vex me in spirit with times that are
o'er,
Or the long-faded joys I can welcome no
more :
They are gone, ever gone, with the sun of
delight,
And my cares gather round me like sha-
dows of night.
Hope, fly from my presence, thou specious
deceiver !
Thou hast told me false tales : thou hast
duped thy believer.
Oh ! why didst thou flatter, and why did I
think,
I was safe from all ills on adversity's brink !
Thou shou'dst in perspective fair vi-
sions untrue,
And how lovely they seem'd, till they faded
from view !
Oh ! I saw the green wreath, and the tem-
ple of Fame,
Where thou saidst Erin's genius had trea-
sur'd my name.

Was it true, that in joy I should measure
my hours ?
That my hand should pluck fruit from thy
promising flowers ?
Was it fair to persuade me, that Fortune
should bless
The prime of my life, and exile my dis-
tress ?
Was it honest to rob me of present con-
tent,
For Futurity's riches, till patience was
spent ?
'Twas untrue : 'twas unfair : 'twas dis-
honest, to cheat
My sight and my-senses with fraudulent de-
ceit,
Thou hast acted, seducer ! the hypocrite's
part,
And beguil'd my ideas with fair spoken art.
I have proved thee deceitful—then cease
to deceive :
For the son of Credulity learns to believe.
Experience has taught him, thy words are
but wind,
That disport round the ear, and amuse the
weak mind.
But away thou soft zephyr : be hence flat-
tering gale,
And divert those who list to thy heart-lur-
ing tale :
I shall own thee no more, as companion
through life,
For immaculate Truth shall henceforth be
my wife.
She will tell me no falsehoods : she'll be a
true friend,
On whose word and whose honour I still
may depend ;
And although on her landscapes I feast not
my eyes,
With the strokes of thy fancy, which once
I could prize ;
Yet her pictures shall always more charm-
ing appear,
Than thy fair-gilded fictions, Oh, Hope !
insincere !

Gortfadd, Feb. 1813.

FIDELIUS.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS, MANU-
FACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

William Hardcastle's (Abingdon, Berks,) Patent for improved Cranes to prevent Accidents from the Goods attached to the Pulley overpowering the Person at the Winch, or in the Walking Wheel.

THIS improvement consists in causing the rope or chain em-
ployed in raising or lowering the
weights to wind upon two cylinders
of different diameters, or two cylin-
ders of the same diameter, turning